

JUNE 12, 1924

47 6/12  
PRICE 15 CENTS

# Life



TRAVEL NUMBER



From a Woodcut by Edward A. Wilson. © ARCO, 1924

## *WERE they wearing these Styles when your Heating Plant was installed?*

Very likely.

A family buys new clothes, new cars, new furniture, but expects to go clear through life with the same old boiler.

That's all right in one way. An IDEAL Boiler is built to last as long as the house in which it is installed. Many of the very first IDEAL Boilers we made are still rendering good service.

But—there has been just as great an advance in the designing of boilers as in the designing of automobiles.

The IDEAL TYPE A Boiler, with its revertible flues and

other patented features, is so much more efficient than your old heating plant that it will pay for itself in the fuel it saves. If you already have radiators, no need to tear them out; simply take out the old boiler and put in TYPE A.

Besides its economy, it is so clean and attractive that it will redeem your cellar, and make it a livable floor of your house.

Let us send you a book, illustrated in full color, which tells the whole story. There is a special size of IDEAL Boiler for every size of house. All you need to remember are these good words:

Wouldn't you like to trade your old boiler for this IDEAL TYPE A? You can do it; for, in a few winters, the IDEAL TYPE A will have paid back its cost in the fuel it saves.

**IDEAL BOILERS**  
COAL • OIL • GAS  
**and AMERICAN RADIATORS**  
*save fuel*

Dept. 135  
1803 Elmwood Ave.  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

**AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY**  
Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

Branches  
in all principal  
cities





When • a • MARMON • honks • for • passage

*You* may have noticed that the average Marmon driver is not a road hog, because he has such confidence in the speed and safety of his car that he rather enjoys extending an extra amount of road courtesy to others. Conversely most other cars do not seem to feel insulted when he honks for passage.

—From a letter by H. OLIN JONES,  
of Jones & Trott, Inc.  
Architects, Raleigh, N. C.

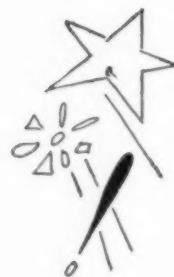


M A R M O N

MARMON

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • Established 1851  
Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

# Of all the blank, blank **BLANKS**



with which mankind is pestered these  
days, there is **ONE**—

Not a Federal income tax blank, or a State income tax blank,  
or a motor car license application blank, or a hooch applica-  
tion blank, or any other of those *blankety blank blanks*

But a blank—one blank—that you can fill in without  
revealing your past life, your earnings, your losings, or  
your thirst. *It is one blank that will get you something  
for your money*, and you don't even have to tell your age.

It will bring you something to help make this blankety  
blank, blank-filled existence endurable.

It will bring you **LIFE** every week for as long as you say.

We are speaking of the modest little coupon blank down  
in the corner.

*This  
one*



# Life

Dear **LIFE**:  
The simplicity of  
this coupon is such  
a relief that I am en-  
closing **One Dollar**  
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign,  
\$1.40). Send **LIFE** for ten  
weeks to

336

**LIFE**, 598 Madison Avenue, New York  
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



*Spend This Summer*  
at the  
**Hotel**  
**ASPINWALL**  
Lenox, Mass.



High and cool in the Berkshires.  
Exceptional equipment and service  
insure a delightful sojourn—  
May we send interesting booklet?  
L. A. TWOROGER, Mgr.  
Winter Resort - Princess Hotel, Bermuda

### Song of a June Bride

SATURDAY I'm to be married at four,  
My trousseau is spread on the bed;  
The flowers are ordered—roses galore—  
Of the gifts not enough can be said!

The frocks of the bridesmaids are  
sweet as can be,  
The church will resemble a bower;  
The cake from the caterer's gorgeous  
to see,  
Like a great gleaming sugar-topped  
tower!

And what of the bridegroom?—You  
haven't yet heard  
With whom I'm to throw in my lot?  
Is he just what I wanted?—Now, don't  
be absurd—  
You know very well he is *not*!

H. R. M.

### Jacks Up

"I STAYED up until three A.M., trying  
to tune-in Los Angeles. Got 'em, too,  
all right, but couldn't hear a darned  
thing for that set of Bagley's, next  
door. The howling and squealing were  
something terrific."

"What's he got? A single-circuit re-  
generative set?"

"Single-circuit—nothing! He's got  
triplets!"



**BEFORE** buying trunks send  
for Catalogue L showing  
full line of INNOVATION  
Wardrobe Trunks, also name of  
dealer in your vicinity.

"Lightest and strongest in the world"

**INNOVATION TRUNK COMPANY**  
\$35 to \$250  
329 5th Avenue, New York City

## Whiter Teeth

*How millions get them*



There is a way to whiter, cleaner  
teeth. Millions now employ it. You  
see the results in every circle now.  
Will you learn how to get them?

### Combat the film

This way combats the film on  
teeth—that viscous film you feel.  
Film clings to teeth, it stains and  
discolors. Then it forms dingy  
coats. That is why teeth grow dim.

Film also holds food substance  
which ferments and forms acid. It  
holds the acid in contact with the  
teeth to cause decay. Germs breed  
by millions in it. They,  
with tartar, are the chief  
cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science now  
knows ways to fight that  
film effectively. One dis-  
integrates the film, the  
other removes it without  
harmful scouring.

### Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disin-  
tegrates the film,  
then removes it  
with an agent far  
softer than enamel.  
Never use a film  
combattant which  
contains harsh  
grit.

Convincing tests proved those  
methods efficient. Then a new-type  
tooth paste was created to apply  
them daily. The name is Pepsodent.  
Leading dentists of some 50 nations  
now advise its use.

### Results are quick

Pepsodent also multiplies the  
alkalinity of the saliva, also its  
starch digestant. Those are Na-  
ture's great tooth-protect-  
ing agents in the mouth.

Send the coupon for a  
10-Day Tube. Note how  
clean the teeth feel after  
using. Mark the absence  
of the viscous film. See  
how teeth become whiter  
as the film-coats disappear.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific tooth paste now advised by  
leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

**10-DAY TUBE FREE**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 34, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

### Real Estate News

SOME day you must come to Sub-  
urbia, for I know you'll fall quite  
in love with the neat little lawns, the  
trim little homes, the wide, shady  
streets. The minute you alight from  
the train onto the clean, white pebbles  
in front of the quaint little railroad  
station, you'll notice the freshness of  
the air, and the songs of the innum-  
erable birds will be pleasant to your  
ears. What a change from the driven,  
sweating city! And wait till you get  
your first glimpse of the roses! Wait  
till you see our beautiful boulevard  
banked on either side with red roses!  
Then wait till you see Perkins Avenue.  
And, too, you'll be entranced with the  
Early Georgian fire-engine house, all  
covered with creeping vines, white in  
spring, green in summer, and red and

gold in the autumn. In fact, the entire  
little village will charm you.

And just think of it, all there is out  
there now is our home, the real estate  
agent's office, and a place for the trains  
to stop!

E. M. C.

WHAT every youngster knows—A  
ball through a window is always good  
for a home run.

**RAW, BLISTERED BURNS**  
healed quickly and  
gently by bandaging  
with antiseptic, cooling  
**Mentholum**

Write for free sample  
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.



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## FOR BUSINESS AND GOLF

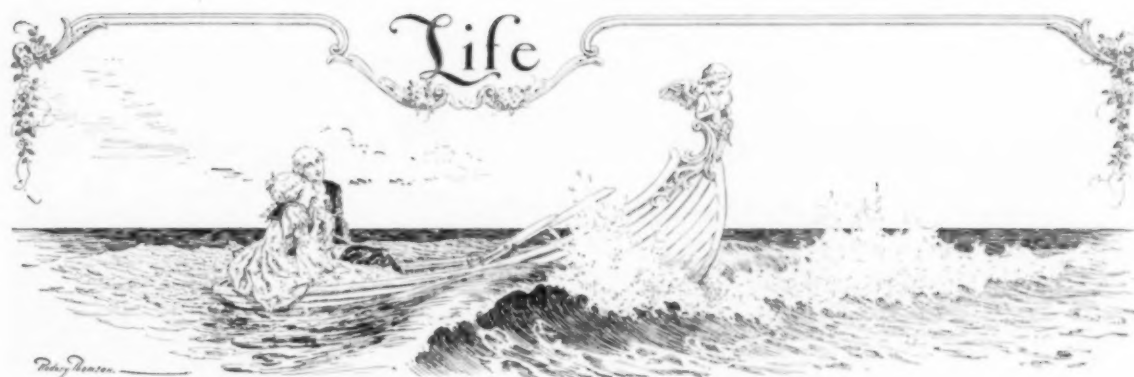
SOME say, "Golf's all right when it doesn't interfere with business;" others say, "Never let business interfere with golf"

Here are the clothes for both of you; a business suit, coat, waistcoat, trousers, for business; with an extra pair of knickers for golf. The knickers may be had, if you choose, with a plaid or check pattern.

Good idea; carry the "golfy" look to the office; play a business-like, par game on the course.

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

JUN 10 1924



## Around the World and Back

(Every Hour on the Hour)

**J**UNE 30—Sail from Lower Bay, New York, on S. S. Anemic for Grand Canyon.

July 4—Arrive Grand Canyon of Arizona. A sight-seeing trip in droshkys will be arranged to "take in" the Taj Mahal, the Louvre, Stonehenge, the Poe Cottage and other spots of historic interest in the vicinity. Leave that same night for Boston.

July 5—Canoe trip to Easter Island. (Patrons will please refrain from annoying the lilies.)

July 6—By dog team to Manchuria, via Papeete and the South Pole. A stop-over at Killarney may be arranged.

Aug. 19—Bad maelstrom in the Mediterranean. Tourists whose names begin with A—L miss four turns. Every one else moves on to Buenos Aires.

Aug. 21—Return to Niagara Falls to pick up Mrs. Mooney, who was inadvertently left behind while fishing for tarpon.

Aug. 22—London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Florence, Funchal, Waikiki and Cedar Rapids (leaving on track 4). The party will stop three months at each of these historic and interesting spots.

Sept. 4—By Ferris wheel to Pnom Penh. All arguments as to the pronunciation of this will be settled by the current edition of Hoyle.

Sept. 8-12—Leave Pnom Penh for Penang. Leave Penang for Bangkok. Leave Bangkok for Kuala Lumpur. Leave well enough alone.

Oct. 1-13—Just fooling around.

Oct. 16—Up the historic Nile in individual swan boats, with side trip through Chinatown and the Bowery.

Oct. 17—Twenty minutes for lunch at Fred Harvey café.

Approximately Four Years Later—Arrive at Darjeeling in taxis (lowest rate, heated). A walking trip up Mt. Everest will be arranged.

July 5—Reach the summit of Mt. Everest, where the tour ends.

Henry William Hanemann.

## What the American Tourist Looks for in Europe

**T**HE latest paper from home.

The last mail.

Where they serve American dishes.

A friend from the "old town."

Ice-cream sodas.

Where to cash checks.

The standing in the big leagues.

The American Bar.

## Landlubber's Chantey

**Y**O, ho, ho, for the ocean wave!

Sing you the hearty chorus,  
With the salt sea winds and the billows  
brave

And far-flung blue before us;  
With the foaming paths and the skip-  
per grave,  
And clouds that gather o'er us

Yo, ho, ho, for the ocean free!

Raise you the chantey ringing,  
But do not expect much help from me

While I'm to rails a-clinging  
And still in an abject misery—  
Go, choke with your deep sea singing.

J. K. M.

## The Daily 1/12 Dozen

**S**PECIALIST (to fat man): Do you  
take regular exercise every morn-  
ing?

FAT MAN: I get up, don't I?



THROUGH THE AGES

"WELL, SIR. I MEAN TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE LOOKING ON ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS OF MARVIN COUNTY. WHY, MY FAMILY SETTLED THERE WHEN THEY WAR'N'T NO MORE THAN TWO FORDS IN THE WHOLE STATE!"



"GET A HORSE!"

## Summer Resorts Are Such Funny Places

SUMMER resorts are such funny places.

Such funny things happen at them.

There is always a certain group that never speaks to anybody else.

And then, there are other groups that never even speak to themselves.

Every one is so funny during the week.

But they are much funnier over week-ends.

And the week-ends are so funny.

There is always a lot of scandal at summer resorts.

Everybody knows something about everybody else.

And how they love to whisper it "confidentially"!

I couldn't begin to tell you all the funny things they know.

There are so many of them.

I often wonder what the native villagers think of summer resorts.

They are such funny places.

Such funny things happen at them.

C. G. S.

A KLANSMAN is one who would like to see the United States under a nordictatorship.

## Doesn't Travel Broaden One?

WE'RE all going abroad again this summer. Isn't it thrilling? There's really nothing like travel to broaden one, is there? My, how we did have the laugh on poor old Europe last summer! I'll never forget it.

We had the luck to be in Paris when the franc was at its lowest, and you should have seen their faces when we began giving five- and ten-franc tips to taximen and chambermaids. They all thought we must be millionaires.

Paris wouldn't be a bad town if it weren't so immoral, but at that it's jazzier than London. There's a burg for you. Rains every day and you positively have to hunt for ice with your drinks. And I thought I'd die at the way the women dress. Mother and Sis used to burst right out in their faces. Couldn't help it, positively.

And when we went to Italy I used to call the waiters wops, and you should have seen the black looks they gave me. Gee! these Europeans have no humor, have they? Guess they're pretty glad to get our money, though, now they're all nearly down and out.

And at that I'm sort of pleased to be sailing again, as I don't think there's anything in the world that broadens one like travel—do you?

Percy Waxman.

## Tales of a Traveler

"...only one in our party who wasn't seasick."

"...rue de la Paix is all right but give me our little old Main Street every time."

"...could settle this reparation business in fifteen minutes."

"...like to tell you what I found out about who really started the war."

"...try to rob everybody who looks like an American but I told them where to get off."

"...certainly broadens one."

McC. H.



## COMMUTING

"DIDN'T I MEET YOU ON THIS SHIP WHEN I CROSSED A MONTH AGO?"

American: YES, I HAVE A FIFTY-TRIP TICKET.



## Rotarian Guide to Europe

### London

**\*\*AMERICAN bar;** \*Fleet Street, English residence of Mutt and Jeff; \*Limehouse, headquarters of five- and ten-cent (a word) literature; \*St. James's Palace, forwarding address of Prince of Wales; \*Athenæum, British counterpart of Friars' Club; Houses of Parliament, debating society.

### Rome

**\*\*AMERICAN bar;** \*Palatine Hill, popular with local automobile dealers for demonstrating cars; \*Piazza del Quirinale (*Ministry of Foreign Affairs*), Headquarters of Imperial Wizard of Italian Ku Klux Klan; \*Villa Borghese, Roman Coney Island; \*Colosseum, largest movie in city; Vatican, church center.

### Budapest

**\*\*AMERICAN bar;** \*Theatre Guilding Assembly Plant, where Great American Dramas are fabricated.

### Paris

**\*\*AMERICAN bar;** \*Hotel Grande, headquarters Interlocutory Post, U. S. Veterans of Domestic Wars; \*Place de l'Opera, source of American song hits; \*Montmartre, Red, White and Blue Light District; \*Quartier Latin, center of Old Masters Manufacturing Industry; \*Bois de Boulogne, favorite dueling ground for French literary criticism;



*He:* THEY SAY HERE THAT PICTURE POSTCARDS ARE GOING OUT OF STYLE.

*She:* GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THEY USE NIAGARA FALLS FOR NOW?

### Berlin

**\*\*AMERICAN bar;** \*Brandenburg Gate, where James W. Gerard told General Ludendorff where he got off; \*Unter den Linden, where James W. Gerard told German people how come; see also, \*Potsdam, where James W. Gerard gave Kaiser Wilhelm an earful.



*The Affable One:* IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE ON BOARD THAT SHIP, MY FRIEND, BOUND FOR EUROPE, WOULD IT NOT?

*The Surly One:* I DON'T. STRIKES ME YE'D BE A DAMN UNPOPULAR PASSENGER.

"I WOULD? WHY?"

"BECAZ EVERYBODY ELSE ON BOARD WANTS T' GIT T' SOUTH AMERIKY."





"OH, ALFRED, THIS IS HEAVENLY, KISS ME AGAIN."

### —Of Thee I Sing

"FAGGED out," said my doctor. "You must get away. Take a trip abroad." I promised to pay him five dollars and went up to my bank.

"How's my account?" I asked the cashier.

"Bad," said he. "Very low."

"Do you think it will live through the night?" I queried.

"You can't tell," he responded. "You know it has never been strong."

The place got on my nerves and I was in no frame of mind to assume a proper bedside manner toward my little account, so I left at once. If it was going to die it was going to die, and that was an end to it. As I went through the door I expected to hear the cashier's steps and the announcement that the little sufferer had passed away.

Still, there I was, completely worn out. A doctor ought to know what's best for a sick man. What to do? Somehow, somewhere I must go—my jangling nerves told me that.

Obviously I couldn't go abroad. Perhaps—and a thought struck me—perhaps I could get the foreign scene and stay in the United States.

Suddenly the inspiration came. I would find a colony of Americans! That *would* be different. I should hear nothing but English spoken; I should be able to watch their quaint ways and get some idea of their home life. Perhaps, if I were economical, I might be able to buy some few pieces of their handiwork to take home, something to go with my Russian brass, *habitant* blankets and Spanish pottery.

I wanted to see an American peasant girl going at dawn across a dewy meadow, singing one of those poignant native melodies. I closed my eyes and saw an American boatman

drifting downstream in his native boat (skiff), playing that famous river song on his drum. The evocation swept me away on a racing tide of yearning and nostalgia.

So I wrote to my friend Fitzmaurice, who, I recalled, had told me of such a colony in Westchester County, where he had settled some years before, when it was unspoiled.

"Don't come," he wrote. "The place has gone to pot—the invasion is complete. I am selling my place and moving God knows where. I've tried to learn Yiddish so that I might make myself understood, but I have given it up."

Then I recalled a lovely village which hung on the Palisades. George Melton had a charming little place there and the neighborhood was wholly American. My letter found George living in Connecticut. "Devastated by the Italians. Nothing but goats, black-handers, 'O Sole Mio' and garlic," was his answer.

After several other futile attempts I wrote to a bureau (Commerce, I think) in Washington, setting forth my case and asking for advice. "You will find," the bureau responded, "what you are looking for in Paris. Since Prohibition the colony there has been constantly growing. We are sending you booklet S183, 2nd Series, which, we trust, will help you in solving your problem."

A nice thing to hand a tired, nervous man!

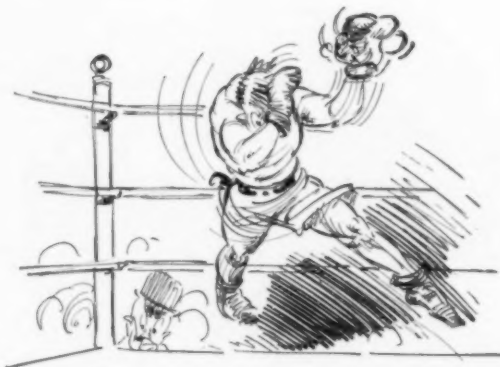
Rollin Kirby.

### Accuracy

AN American citizen was knocked down by an automobile in Montreal. An officer rushed up and accosted him.

"Parlez-vous français?"

"No. Chevrolet coupé."



Victim: MY GAWD! AIN'T THERE A TOWEL IN THE HOUSE?

## Delirium

(Ask Any Guide at the End of the Season.)



A BIG BERTHER

"WHICH side of the horse do I get on?"

"I should think that living all summer among these mountains would make you a *bigger* and *nobler* man!"

"Try a little nip of this. My own private stock."

"But surely the government won't mind if I pick just a tee-eeny bunch of wildflowers?"

"Oh, folks, let's all write our names here!"

"Do you really mean to say you can't yodel? Why, all the guides in Switzerland can."

"Won't you please get my alpenstock back for me? I just dropped it over the cliff."

"Oh, what a *sweet* mountain!"

"Would you mind taking that pose again? I'm afraid I spoiled the film."

"I hope you know a lot of perfectly thrilling campfire stories."

## Setting the Stage

THE SIMPSONS are more than just husband and wife.

They are what Mrs. Simpson calls pals; good pals. They do everything together, no matter how furious they make each other. No matter how bored and angry they may be they can always declare a truce while they try to interest other couples in being good chums.

Mrs. Simpson is never too busy to drop what she is doing and ruin a day's fishing for her husband. And she is always ready to play him ten or twelve sets of tennis. She is only sorry she can't go along and cheer him up on his business trips. She says they have such good times together. They never have a cross word.

There's going to be a murder there one of these days.

McC. H.

## Summer Surmises

THE present stage of civilization could have been reached without community picnics.

Tennis could be played by persons without handkerchiefs tied around their heads.

Builders eventually will achieve a screen door that will not bang.

Not every person is glad to get home after a holiday.

It takes an unusual-sort of man to teach his wife to swim.

THE only woman who can be sure that her husband really is working when he says he is, is the wife of a radio announcer.

## Banished Beauty

(Fifteen national advertisers have agreed to remove their billboards from the highways.)

THE joy is departed from touring,

It hasn't an atom of zest;

We'll never recapture

The first careless rapture

Of the great and well-advertised West.

We're here, in the great open spaces,

But nothing could tempt us to stay,

For we cannot enthuse about wonderful views

Since they've taken the billboards away.

The mighty Columbia River

Is stripped of its beautiful signs,

And one's surfeited gaze

Has to rest for long days

On water, and mountains, and pines.

The broad Californian landscape

Becomes repetitious and trite,

And Shasta's tall peak is dejected and bleak,

With never a billboard in sight.

We miss the gay pictures and slogans

That used to adorn every mile,

And that made a man feel,

As he sat at the wheel,

That his journey was really worth while.

What fair-minded person can blame us

For thinking the nation is cursed,

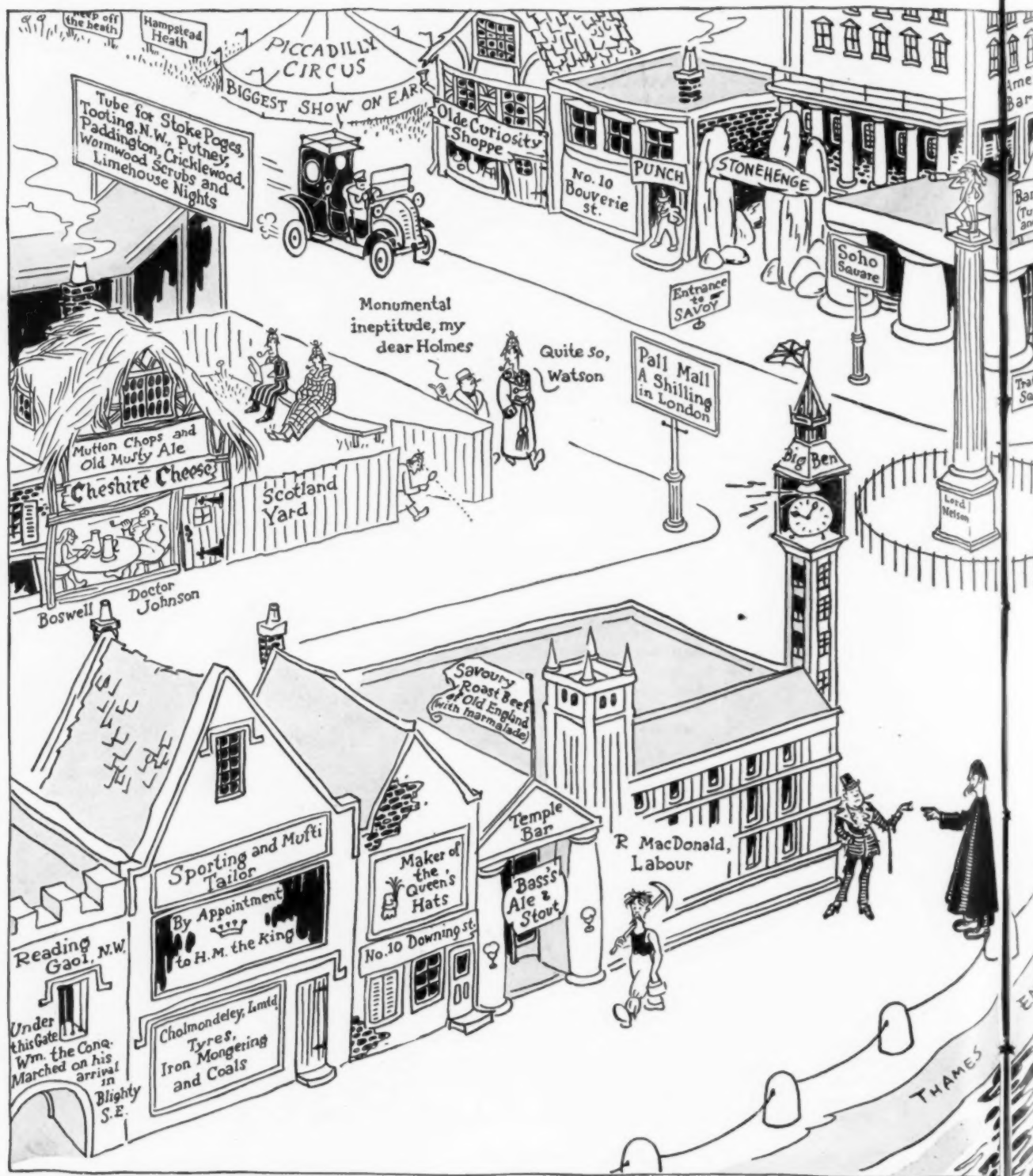
When zealots destroy all the traveler's joy

In Seeing America First?

Stoddard King.



Bobby: NO, I WON'T GIVE HIM ANOTHER PEANUT. HE'LL ONLY MAKE HIMSELF SICK.



AN IMPRESSION OF LONDON BY ONE







Radio Bug: WHAT A BULLY PLACE TO STRING AN AERIAL!

### Impersonally Conducted

(Listening in on a Foreign Tours' Office)

**SINCERE LITTLE BODY:** Will there be an audience with the Pope on this tour?

**THE CLERK:** If His Holiness is giving audiences when you visit the Vatican, it will probably be arranged, madam.

**SINCERE LITTLE BODY (worriedly):** I really shouldn't go, then; I think our minister would disapprove. (*Confidentially.*) I'm a Presbyterian.

**CLERK (soothingly):** You can stay away from the audience, madam; and we shan't let His Holiness know, so he won't be offended.

**SINCERE LITTLE BODY (relieved):** That's so kind of you; thank you so much.

**BRUSQUE, BURLY PERSON (abruptly):** What's Scotch in London now?

**CLERK (briskly):** Average grades, from three-seventy-five to four a quart.

**BRUSQUE, BURLY PERSON (disgustedly):** Hum! Almost as cheap at home.

**SWEET YOUNG THING (coily):** Can you give me the name of a good lawyer in Paris?

**CLERK:** Our Paris office will furnish that, and an estimate of the probable cost. We are advised divorces have advanced about ten per cent. in price.

**SWEET YOUNG THING (indignantly):** Those horrible French profiteers!

**FORMER SERVICE MAN:** Say, buddy; I'm leaving this gang in Paris and going on my own. Could you tell me if the Lion d'Or is still doing business in Bar-le-Duc?

**CLERK:** Dunno; say, what outfit were you with?

**FORMER SERVICE MAN:** Fifty-second Pioneers.

**CLERK:** When you get there look up the Sacré Chien and see if Marie's still there, will you? Tell her Tommy was asking for her. She'll remember. I was with the Sixty-ninth.

**FORMER SERVICE MAN:** Sure thing; see you when I get back.

**CLERK (musing):** Wonder if Marie is still there. Maybe one of these days I'll take one of these tours myself. I ought to get a rate.

James K. McGuinness.

### Movie Maxims

**A** SOFT custard turneth away the crowds.

One moron with violet eyes will draw bigger houses than six actresses with genius, for it taketh intelligence to recognize genius but any boob can get a thrill out of eyes.

Fit your story to the intelligence of your audience—and don't forget that many mothers bring their babies along.

**Hokum:** The passionate heroine refusing to elope with the villain because her che-ild has measles.

**Art:** The same thing—played in a set that cost fifty thousand dollars.



### HOW THE TRAVEL CRAZE STARTED

"...AND THE ASSYRIANS ENTERED INTO THE MOIST VALLEY OF THE EUPHRATES, LEAVING THE HILL COUNTRY OF THEIR BIRTH BECAUSE IT WAS ARID AND DRY."



## The Music Hour

I'LL mention some composers who are known to us as Russian. Please note them down. To-morrow we shall have them for discussion.

—There's Balakirev, Malichevsky, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, There's Blaraberg, Sapellnikoff, Tscherepnin, Kryjanowsky, Prokofieff, Solovieff, Stravinsky, Korestchenko, Arensky, Arteiboucheff, Moniuszko, Akimenko, There's Glinka, Winkler, Bortniansky, Rebikoff, Ilyinsky, Kalinnikoff, Pantschenko, Zolotareff, and Kvoschinsky. There's Sokoloff and Kopyloff and Medtner and Klenowsky. And Dargomyzsky, Stcherbatcheff, Glière, and Nowakofski. There's Borodine and Scriabine and Liadoff and Tani-Èw and Karganoff, Statkowsky, Cesar Cui, and Persiany. And Glazounoff, Gretchaninoff, Moussorgsky, and Rachmaninoff,—

I may have missed a few, but that will be, until anon, enough.

Remember now, my dears, unless you should get brain concussion,

To-morrow we'll discuss composers known to us as Russian.

*Arthur Francis.*

## Statement to the Public

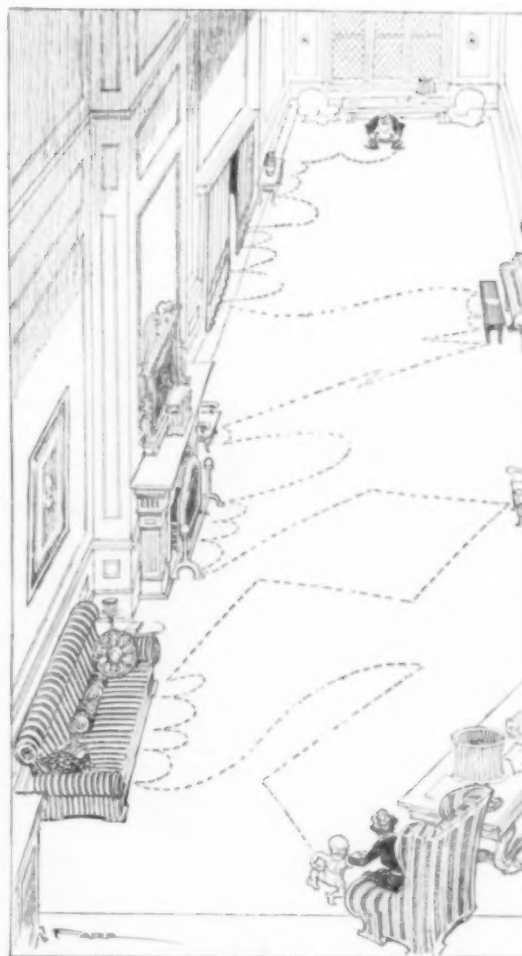
TO correct a popular misunderstanding, I desire to explain the unfortunate title of my book, just published by Coolidge-Hughes-Mellen Co., "Brains and Congressmen; a Study in Contrasts." This inexcusably awkward title was intended to imply that the book is in two parts, each part discussing an entirely distinct subject and presenting an entirely distinct contrast. Volume I discusses various Brains and contrasts them. Volume II discusses various members of the Congress and contrasts *them*. It is extremely regrettable that many people have received the impression that the book compares Brains with Congressmen and Congressmen with Brains, which would be ridiculous.

(Signed) ALMOST ANY CITIZEN.



## DIVINE WORSHIP

*The Deacon:* I'LL BE IN CHURCH ON TIME OR TAKE A WHEEL OFF THIS DAMN THING!



## IDEAL TOUR NO. 1

*Mother to Father through Living-room, via Davenport, Armchair, Middle of Room, Piano Bench and Portières. 28.1 feet.*

- 0.0 Leave Mother at southwest corner.
- 1.3 Jog left and right. Turn left and grab Davenport.
- 1.5 Davenport. Along Davenport to other end.
- 8.0 Leave Davenport. Turn right, then straight on to Armchair. (Detour: Turn half left to Fireplace, thence to Armchair by way of Fender.)
- 15.2 Armchair. Turn right, following red spots in carpet to Middle of Room. Jog right, then left to Piano Bench.
- 21.7 Piano Bench. Leave far end, turn left to Portières. Fall down.
- 25.3 Portières. Turn right, straight along end of Carpet, to Father.
- 28.1 Father.

A FRENCH airman will attempt to sleep while flying. If he succeeds he can sell his system for a lot of money to American railroad travelers.



ROOM FOR THOUGHT

## English-American Dictionary

**'ARF AN' 'ARF**—Alcoholic concoction for beverage use only.

**BOBBY**—A John Law; a cop; a bull.

**DAMNED FOREIGNER**—Yourself.

**DIE-HARDS**—The Old Guard; the Interests; British equivalent of Calvin, Bascom and Henry Cabot.

**FOOTER**—The National Pastime; the Grand Old Game; the Sandlot Sport.

**GIVING THE BIRD**—Handing out the raspberry; raising the Bronx cheer.

**IT'S NOT CRICKET**—It ain't right; all wrong; not on the up-and-up.

**LAW**—Peculiar British system arranged for the benefit of the people and respected accordingly.

**PETROL**—English slang for gas, or juice.

**RIGHT-O**—The cat's whiskers; the berries; peaches and cream.

**STRIKE ME PINK**—For the love of Mike! Well, for Ian's sake!

**SWANK**—The Ritz; the dog.

**TOFF**—Cake-eater; parlor cowboy; snappy dresser.

**TO FUNK**—To mope; to muf; to fumble.

**TO LIE DOGGO**—To duck; to vamoose; to make oneself scarce.

**WELL PLAYED**—Wow! That-a-baby! The kid's there!  
*James K. McGuinness.*

### Slightly Used

**FIRST SENATOR**: Do you believe that we should agitate for a new World Court?

**SECOND OBSTRUCTIONIST**: That depends on whether we can get an allowance for the old one when we turn it in.

**UNFORTUNATELY**, many women have taken it for granted that bobbed hair is the short cut back to youth.



HOMEWARD BOUND

"WE GOT THE COIN ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, BUT THAT AIN'T ALL. YOU TAKE IT FROM ME, WHEN IT COMES TO CULTURE AND THAT SORT OF THING, WE CAN KNOCK THE SOCKS OFF OF ANY OF 'EM."

## With All Due Respect . . .

(Inspired by the following paragraph in PUNCH: "An American university has decided to reject all examination papers containing slang phrases. A graduate has already written to the Principal asking for the name of the woolly-whiskered guy who issued the order and suggests that he is a never-wuzzer and that his knowledge of education is not yet.")

GOOD friend (and, heaven knows, you're all of that!)  
To make our bonds of friendship even tighter,  
We've outlawed jokes about your gray top hat,  
We've shunned such words as "Bounder," "Toff" and  
"Blighter";  
We've done our very level best to choke  
All observations, bitterly ironical,  
About your well-known slowness at a joke—  
We've even ceased to snicker at your monocle.  
So you, in turn, might spare us from the pang  
That follows your attempts at "Yankee" slang.

Pray do not think that we could well resent  
Your quips about our mercenary habits,  
Nor anything that you could say anent  
Our boosters or our boasters or our Babbitts.  
We do not say that you should cease to laugh  
At that which you may well consider crude in us,  
We know that we are targets for your chaff,  
Our faults, we must confess, are multitudinous...  
We offer many marks at which to scoff—  
But when you seek to speak our slang, Lay Off!

Robert E. Sherwood.

IT is too bad that people can't get into heaven with their tombstone inscriptions as passports.



Mabel: LOOKA THA LOONY GIRL! BEFORE I'D HIT THE WAVES THIS EARLY IN THE SEASON!



"WELL, SAH, WE'S DUE TO 'RIVE 'BOUT ONE-FIFTEEN BY YOUAH WATCH, LESS'N YOU SET HER UP, TWO-FIFTEEN EASTAHN STANDAHD TIME, THREE-FIFTEEN CITY TIME, IF WE AIN'T AN HOUAH AN' FIFTY MINUTES LATE, WHICH WE IS."

## The Passenger List

EIGHT newspaper correspondents going over to cable unbiased reports of what their chiefs told them about European conditions before they left America.

Fourteen British lecturers returning to tell England what they learned about the United States before booking passage from London.

Seventeen Congressmen who are opposed to foreign entanglements.

Twenty-nine heiresses who are not.

Six former doughboys who hope personal liberty may still be found in Paris.

Fourteen matrons who have legal assurance that it may be.

Covey of movie actresses going abroad so that they may be photographed for the press on their return.

One ex-bartender, seeking employment.

One hundred bootleggers, seeking "relaxation."

## The Star Chamber

THE papers at present are full of pictures showing the Cleveland Auditorium, "Where the Republican Candidate Will Be Nominated." What the public would really like to see, in this connection, is a photograph of George Harvey's hotel room.



THE TRAVEL LECTURE

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

June  
5th

All the morning gone at the bookseller's laying in reading matter against the warm months, forasmuch as I did examine each taylor carefully to make sure that no chapter began, It was the summer of 1914. Lord! the war is over now, and so should be the open season for fiction which drags it into the plot. Thence to luncheon at an inn with B. Spencer, she aghast at my abstinence from this and that viand, and tempting me slyly to indulgence. Man's inhumanity to man may be all the poet says, but woman's to woman is, methinks, even worse. B. more English than Queen Mary, too, from her three years' stop in London, and I did bear with her Anglomania until her difficulty in counting American currency upon the presentation of the bill, which was too much for me to suffer without a few verbal thrusts....Home in the late afternoon, finding Samuel intent upon the consignment of books and contemptuous at discovering Archibald Marshall's last novel therein. William Dean Howells says that reading Marshall is like spending Sunday with a respectable family, I reminded him. Yes, he answered, but who wants to spend Sunday with a respectable family?

June  
6th

Up betimes, and off to a publick hairdresser's, where the young woman who shampooed me did ask what kind of bob I contemplated and would not credit my reply, None at all. Moreover, upon being turned over to the waver, I did suddenly twig that

(Continued on page 36)

## Life Lines

UNTIL further notice the slogan of the Coolidge campaign will be: Veni, Vidi, Veto.

It is doubtful, however, that Mr. Coolidge will feel called upon to veto the decision of the Cleveland Convention.

Documents have been excavated which tell of the secret tomb of twin Egyptian kings. Tut! Tut!

About this time, the Presidential bee turns out to be nothing but a June bug.

The number of telephone users in the United States is increasing three times faster than the population. At this rate it is feared there will soon be a scarcity of wrong numbers.

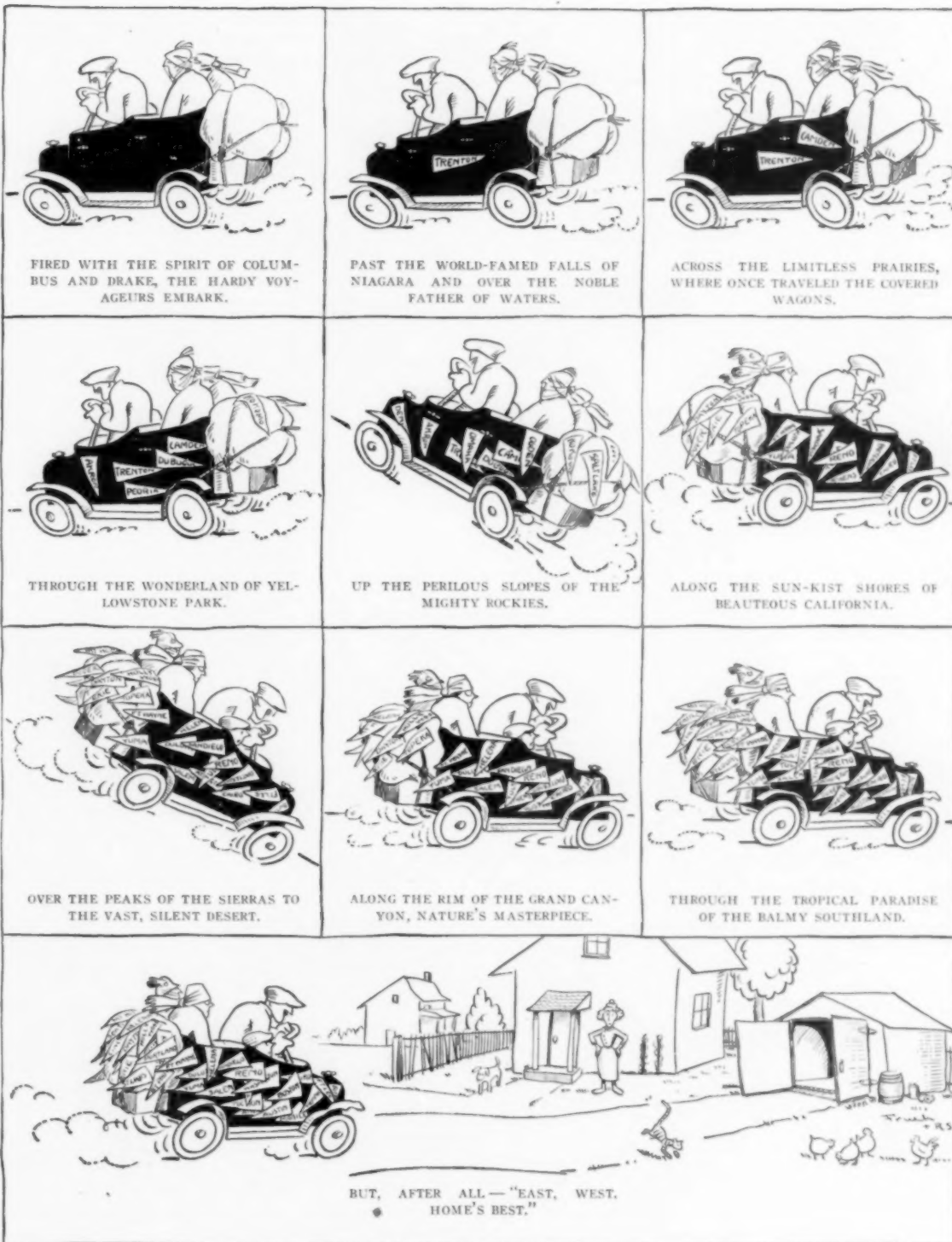
The modern woman has no appeal from the dictates of fashion; all she can do is to grin and bob it.



## OUR QUAINST CUSTOMS

Visiting Britisher (to reporter): THE MAN WHO CALLED THIS PLACE GOD'S COUNTRY MUST HAVE BEEN AN ATHEIST.





THE FORDYSSEY—AN EPIC





JUNE 12, 1924

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

VOL. 83. 2171

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York  
 English Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.



THIS issue of LIFE is expected to find the Republican Convention in session at Cleveland. It is a suitable city for that convention, but was chosen sometime since, and it is doubtful if the same choice would have been made at any time within the last four months. It is comprehensible that the Republican associations with Ohio are somewhat saddening to a considerable portion of the party, who would be happier now to have their convention in some other state. Indeed it must be embarrassing to a great many Republicans to hold a convention anywhere or nominate a President at all. They cannot well do either without framing and publishing a statement of their party record for three years past, and the task of making a statement that will really encourage voters to keep them in power seems very, very formidable. The truth is that in spite of faithful and intelligent work by some able Republican public servants, the party has made a shocking record and ought to be driven out of office.

Our friend, Erasmus Knickerbocker, a resident of this city, in the glow of his satisfaction at Mr. Coolidge's efforts to beat the Bonus, pass the Mellon Tax Bill and join the World Court, has declared in our hearing that Mr. Coolidge will be re-elected by an overwhelming majority. But who is going to re-elect him? Democrats? The Republicans in Congress helped to pass the Bonus over his veto, helped to beat the tax law that he had favored, and have conspired together to defeat his wishes about the World Court. It is not too much to say that they have rubbed Mr. Coolidge's nose in the dirt. How can Mr. Coolidge be re-elected

without continuing in power his party, in the main opposed to him, and which he can neither lead nor discipline? No doubt is anywhere discoverable at this writing that Mr. Coolidge will be nominated. The Republican managers think him stronger with the country than any one else they could name. They want to stay in power and they think him the best man to keep them in power, and in that they are probably right, but when they get him nominated what will he stand for? He will be a general without an army.

What will the Cleveland Convention say about the Ohio gang? How can they excuse it? How can they gloss over its remarkable performances? What can they say of that group of artful men who made Fall Secretary of the Interior and provided through Mr. Harding that the Department of Justice should be under such control as would not interfere with their purposes? What shall they say of the revolting iniquities of the Veterans' Bureau, and of the oil scandal? The managers at Cleveland this year have a big job on their hands.



IN Great Britain MacDonald represents a revulsion in public sentiment that cast out the managers who had run England since the war. In France the defeat of Poincaré testifies to very much the same thing. What is going to happen here? Are we going on with the Battalion of Death, or is there to be a new deal? Are the Republican culprits going to save themselves by re-electing a man whose purposes they have defeated, or shall the culprits be sent to grass and take the candidate with them? That is what ought to happen. Whether it will, depends upon whom the

Democrats nominate and also on the temper of the country. If Congress represents the country, why should we expect reform? Why should we not rather expect more grabs, a worse Bonus Bill, and other reliefs to match? Europe seems to be improving. The reaction from the war is passing. Better counsels gather force and better men take office. How far we have got is not clear yet, but it will be clear, or at least much clearer, by next November.

There is at least one good point about the nomination of Mr. Coolidge. He may not be a great party leader such as the Republicans need, but he is a good character, and the Democrats will have to put up a good character if they expect to beat him. There is every incentive for the Democrats to bring out the very best man they can produce, and the best will not necessarily be the one who favors the biggest bonus and the most grabs. There are signs of increasing sensitiveness about taxation, and of the growth of a suspicion that even the farmers have more to gain from lower taxes than from the most lavish hand-outs.

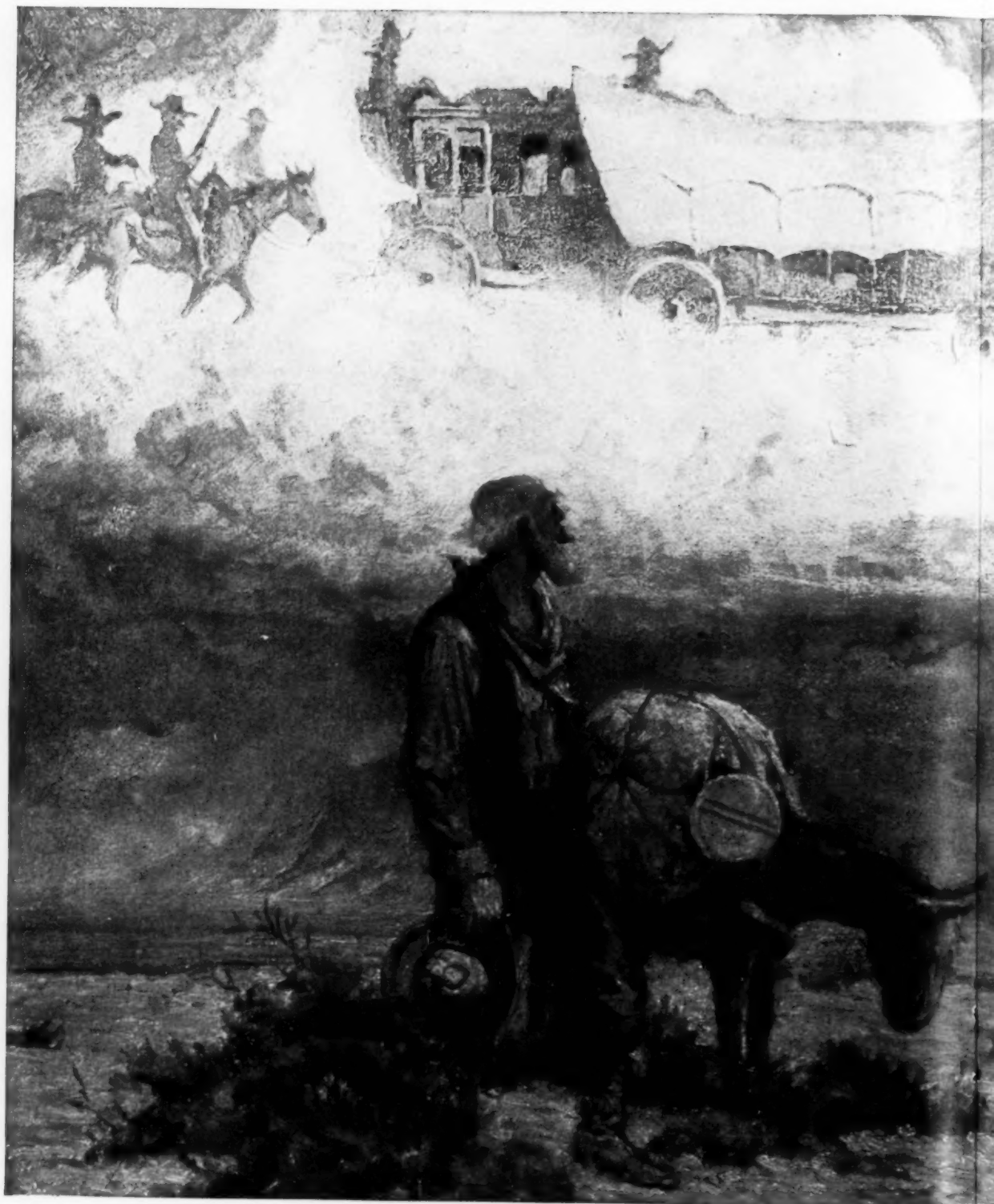


NEWSPAPER readers continue to read more about murders and hold-ups than anything else. The supply is steady and the reporting quite full. In the *Spectator*, an insurance paper published in New York, Dr. Frederick Hoffman has put out a statistical examination of murder in the United States. He says it is increasing, that the rate has practically doubled in twenty-four years, that the killing is done not by imported aliens but by American-born people. The homicide rate is very high in the South, rather low in the City of New York, considerably higher in Chicago, and higher still in the Ohio cities. His figures come to this: that the great boosters of the homicide rate are the negroes; that though the foreign-born are comparatively orderly, their children, the next generation, are much less so. That is credible enough.

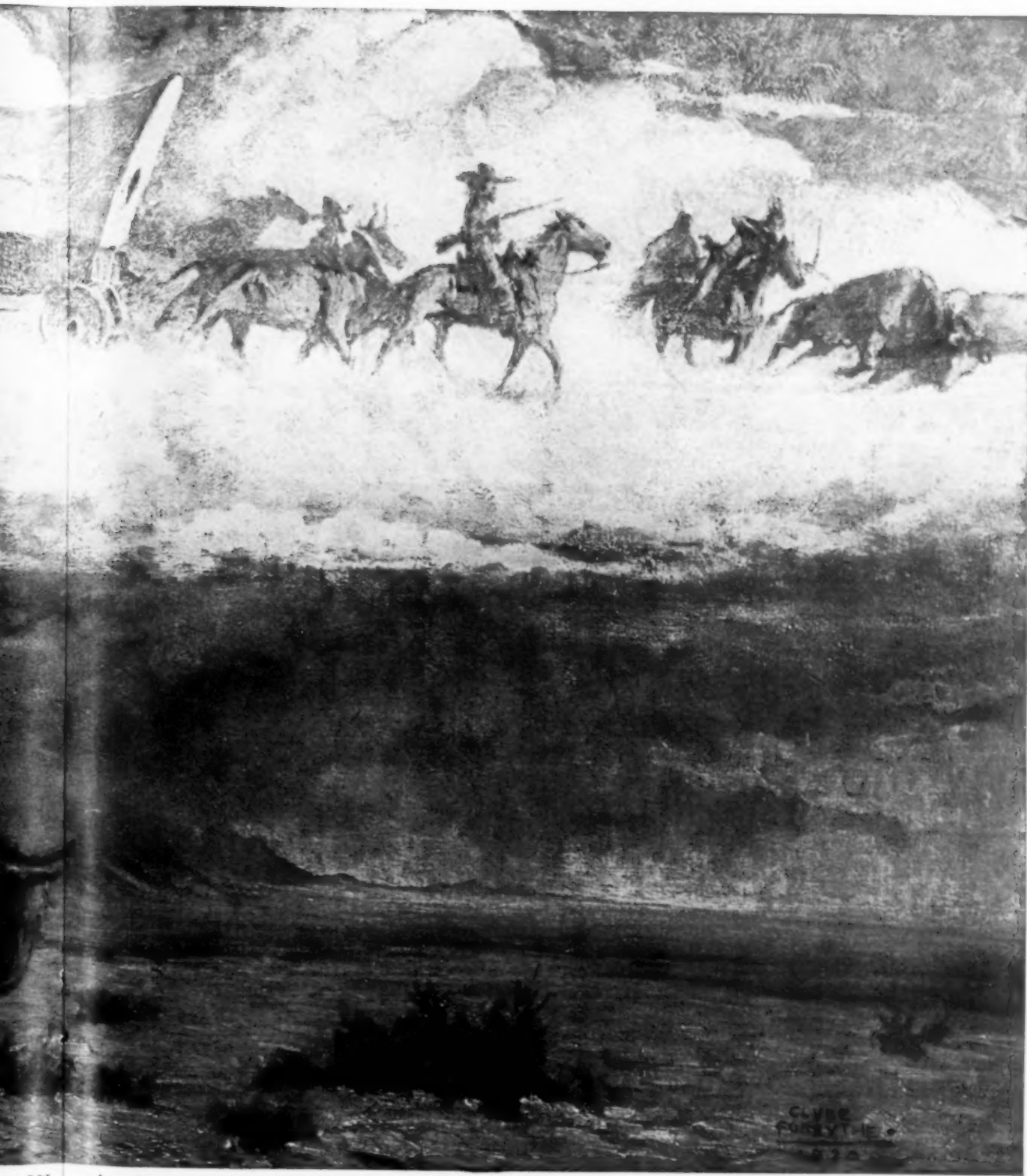
Dr. Hoffman thinks our administration of criminal law is bad, and that is generally admitted. He also thinks we would do well to abolish capital punishment because it makes convictions so much more difficult. It seems to be getting out of date. *E. S. Martin.*



"A' RIGHT, LET'S GO!"



Those Were



se Were the Days





### Revue Analysis

IF you are thinking of putting on a revue (in other words, if you are just a good cuckoo), it will pay you to study carefully the four which opened all in a bunch a week or so ago. There is good money in it for the producer who can analyze them successfully and learn the lesson that they teach. Unless we are stopped, we are likely to go through the tiresome process of analyzing them right now. Tiresome for you, tiresome for us.

First, there is "Round the Town," a sophisticated attempt to please those who are tired of the old, old stuff. Conceived in this laudable mood, planned with an eye to new material from prominent wise-crackers, assembled with careful reference to the failure of its abortive predecessor, "The Forty-Niners," and possessing all the attributes of a smart, clever show in the blue-prints, "Round the Town" flopped dismally on the opening night and, unless God changes his mind, will probably not be on view, even for laboratory purposes, when this treatise appears.

The fact that, following the opening, the show managed to stir up occasional laughs among its patrons throws a little suspicion on the mood of the first-night audience who had paid eleven dollars a rocking-chair to get in. Sometime we shall write a very interesting and wise article on the impossibility of making an eleven-dollar-top audience laugh. We have tried it, and we have seen the Messrs. Berlin and Ziegfeld try it, and, next to talking into a radio for laughs, there is no more discouraging occupation.



THE fact remains, however, that, in spite of Mr. Heywood Brown's pleasant discourse on critics and censors, Julius Tannen's sure technique and the cheery presence of Harry Fox, together with a great many numbers combining intelligence and what ought to have been effective humor, "Round the Town," when finally unveiled, lacked authority. Never was the gulf between amusing ideas and efficient entertainment so vividly demonstrated. The student of revue-production should first determine what it was that "Round the Town" lacked.



HE should next consider "Keep Kool." In spite of the "Kool" in the title, it has whatever "Round the Town" didn't have. The producers of "Round the Town" would probably have died rather than spell "cool" "kool," and would have discarded many of the numbers in "Keep

Kool" as too banal, and yet the net effect of the latter is that of having had your money's worth and the net effect of "Round the Town" was that of having been sold a book on "How to Do Card Tricks."

"Keep Kool" is by no means a conventional summer revue. It has, in fact, quite a good deal that is miles above the average in satirical content. Paul Gerard Smith has written some smart stuff for it and several burlesques of current types of drama which have nothing wrong with them at all. But somewhere scattered about in it there is enough of the good old seventy-miles-an-hour pace which keeps a burlesque show moving, and Hazel Dawn, Charles King, and Johnny Dooley help you to forget that your brain is being appealed to. Then, too, there are rhymes about the "sweet rose lattice, looking at us," and the "old rose trellis" being "jealous"; so you don't feel uncomfortably high-brow.

The revue-analyst should consult "Keep Kool" and get the formula for its vivacity.



AT the Winter Garden he will find a show which contains practically nothing that is worth studying. It has neither the cerebral qualities of "Round the Town" nor the life of "Keep Kool." Great gobs of money have been spent on it, and they might as well have been plastered on the gilt ceiling of the Hotel Touraine in Boston for all the good they do. "Innocent Eyes" is just about as gaudy and dull and uninspired a carload of rococo-work as has ever been piled up in the Winter Garden, which is saying almost more than the human tongue has ever said before.

It is true, there is the dynamic Mistinguett from Paris, and to her we concede several gallant huzzas and all the good will in the world. But after we have done that we must really reach for our hat and tip-toe out.



THE real revue of the batch is housed down in Grand Street at the Neighborhood Playhouse, but because of its somewhat limited appeal it wouldn't offer much to the commercial spy, except perchance Albert Carroll's imitations of John Barrymore and Emily Stevens, and the obvious fitness of Miss Aline MacMahon for up-town engagement.

But "The Grand Street Follies" has intelligence and humor, good taste and good color, and whether or not you have seen the plays that it burlesques, you ought to make the excursion just to satisfy yourself that the theatre really can offer this rare combination. *Robert C. Benchley.*





*Man:* WASN'T THERE ANOTHER LITTLE NUT HERE A  
MINUTE AGO?



*Skippy:* OH, YEH! THAT WAS ME KID BROTHER! HE  
JUST WENT HOME.

Skippy

"Hurrah, Hurrah! We're Off for a Holiday!"



"IF WE MISS THAT TRAIN, JUST REMEMBER THAT I TRIED TO GET YOU STARTED TWO HOURS AGO."



"ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT—DON'T GET EXCITED; I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED."



"WELL, WHAT IF WE *are* A LITTLE AHEAD OF TIME? THIS IS BETTER THAN *missing* THE TRAIN, ISN'T IT?"



"NOW WHERE ARE THOSE DAMN CHILDREN? I *told* THEM NOT TO BUY ANY POSTCARDS TILL WE GOT TO THE LAKE."



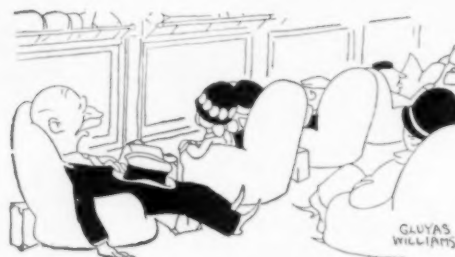
"WHAT TRACK IS THE 11:17 ON FOR LAKE WINNAMAGUSICK? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? W-I-N-N-A-M..."



"WE'LL HAVE WALKED HALF-WAY TO THE LAKE BY THE TIME WE GET TO CAR 384."

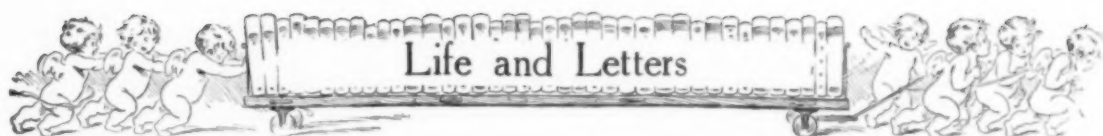


"THE BOX OF lunch! MY umbrella! THE camp chair! WE MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN THE WAITING-ROOM."



"THANK GOD! THE WORST PART OF THE TRIP IS OVER."

GUYAS  
WILLIAMS



## Life and Letters

AMONG the many things undreamed of in my philosophy is the desire of a woman with a husband and children for a career of her own outside the home, yet the theme is a fascinating one to the majority of our contemporary novelists. In most of the fictional instances to date, Father and the kiddies have received the worst of it, going about with holes in their stockings, forming undesirable acquaintances, and contracting preventable diseases whilst Mother was expressing herself in the world of affairs. Moreover, the curtain has usually crashed down on a minor chord, like that of *Madame Butterfly*, with all hands a little miserable and the problem still unsolved. In "The Home-Maker" (Harcourt, Brace) Dorothy Canfield works it out differently. At the start of the story, *Evangeline Knapp* is a perfect demon for keeping spots off the kitchen floor and making her children take little bites. Poor *Lester Knapp* is an underpaid department store accountant with poetry in his heart and slavery to the clock in his head. Both of them are miserable, and their innocent children are the victims of such domestic discontent. And then, presto! *Lester* is paralyzed for life in an accident, and *Eva* takes his place in the store. He looks after the house and children and she looks after the bank roll. Both adore the exchange, and both make marvelously good at it. In the end, everything is so blissful about the hitherto discordant house that nobody, not even *Lester* himself, wants the paralyzed legs to get well. The moral is so obvious that Miss Canfield doesn't point it, so why should I?

"THE lovely dames of verse and prose

Who give us food for conversation  
Most frequently, alas, are those  
Of doubtful reputation.

"In spite of moralists who carp  
In discourse that is dull and deadly,  
The talk is all of Becky Sharp,  
And not Amelia Sedley."

In other words, as the *Morning Telegraph* columnist who wrote these lines

meant to imply, sinners are better material for copy than saints. And if the sinner himself can tell his own story in an engaging manner, so much the better. "Tony," by Stephen Hudson (Knopf), is the autobiography of a scoundrel, and there is not a dull page in it. Inasmuch as *Tony* is a fashionable scoundrel, his story moves along against the worldly and glittering backgrounds of London, Paris, the Riviera and the Italian Lakes, which is a great help. (Sh-sh! But don't you love to read about the extremely rich?) The narrative method is peculiar, the entire story being written to *Tony's* brother, who is addressed in the second person. What I should now like to have is the brother's point of view on the same chain of consequences.

"THE PITIFUL WIFE," by Storm Jameson (Knopf), is a combination of the idyllic and macabre which inevitably calls Thomas Hardy to mind. It is beautifully written—I found myself reading with interest the paragraphs devoted to scenery, almost an unheard-of thing for the hurried reviewer. The author has described the steady decay of Trudesthorp with such vividness that the reader can almost breathe the dust that has accumulated

(Continued on page 39)



British Tourist: HAVE YOU ANY FRESH OYSTERS?

Waiter: SORRY, BUT THIS ISN'T THE SEASON FOR OYSTERS.

British Tourist: BUT—ER, AH—MY GOOD MAN, ISN'T IT POSSIBLE TO BRIBE THE GAME WARDEN?



A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND

### LIFE'S Ideal Tours

MR. COOK and Mr. Cook's Sons and the Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb, and the rest of the boys and girls who have made the business of personally conducting one of the largest in the world, have obviously had their day. The time has come for a new type of tour, one more in line with modern requirements. To meet the obvious need, LIFE offers its Ideal Tours.

For the present, there will be only one field covered—Europe, to wit. Tours will start promptly on the first day of each month, returning just as promptly on the fifteenth day of the following month.

In return for his money, the tourist gets the following arrangement:

The Editors of LIFE will post personal security bonds of \$250,000 each that the following places will not be visited: Westminster Abbey, the Old Curiosity Shop, the Cheshire Cheese, the Louvre, Versailles, the Cafés Dom and Rotunde, Dijon, Germany (except Munich), and all Fjords.

Members of the party will be expected to spend two nights in jail as the result of having been thrown out of two of the following places: Zelli's, Romano's, Peltzer's, the Hotel Bristol in Vienna. The conductor, however, will be instructed to exercise patience with members who are slow in learning the proper technique.

On board ship, members of the party will not leave their staterooms until noon, and will spend the time from 12:03 P.M. until dawn in the bar. Under penalty of immediate expulsion from the group, members will be required to snort violently upon the first entrance of a woman into the bar. If the offense is repeated, they will be expected to throw beer mugs and ash trays. Upon a further repetition, they will repair in a body to the captain, with engraved letters of protest, which they will afterwards dispatch by wireless to their Congressmen.

Any member overheard saying, "The natives all travel second-class—first class is used only by Americans—the only difference is in the color of the upholstery," will be sentenced to a three-day tour of the battlefields with a party of fifty school-teachers from Luzerne County, Pa.

The trip through Switzerland will be made at night, in a covered and sealed freight car.

Members of the party are in honor bound to speak only English throughout the tour.

Any member caught drinking an ice-cream soda at Selfridge's, or a lemonade at the Neapolitaine, or a Himbeeren-saft at Wertheim's will be summarily expelled from the party and his fees will be confiscated and turned over to a fund, to be called the Nicholas Murray Butler Traveling Fellowships, for proper disposition.

H. J. Manckiewicz.

### The Pedestrian Makes More Notes

**STREET**—A city thoroughfare paved with intentions to cross it.

**Horn**—A mechanical appliance that has superseded the brake and that automatically scares you out of a motorist's way, into another motorist's way.

**Parking Space**—A place where taxicabs back into you.

**Summons**—What a policeman hands you for having got safely across the street at the wrong place.

**Jay-Walker**—A pedestrian who gets in the way of the motor car that you were about to foil.

**Semaphore**—Signaling apparatus that tells you in which direction you may safely stand still.

**Traffic Jam**—Too many pedestrians for each driver.

W. T.

### Degrees

**CRAWFORD**: Have you ever waited for your wife while she had a dress tried on?

**CRABSHAW**: Why, man, I've waited while she went to the barber's.



**His Wife**: ISN'T IT PEACEFUL, JOSEPH?

**He**: IT IS, DAMNABLY SO.





## *Take a Kodak with you*

You'd like to remember a day like this and pictures won't let you forget.

\* Any Kodak is convenient to carry, easy to work and fun to use; you'll get good pictures from the first.

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## Be Kind to Animals Week

IT so happens that animal actors play important rôles in all the pictures that are lined up for review this week; furthermore, their performances, in almost every instance, are so extraordinarily good as to inspire the thought that perhaps it would be better to turn the entire movie industry over to them, and let them rear it from its puppyhood.

Certainly, the animal performers have demonstrated their superiority to Our Dumb Friends, the movie directors, and they might well be given the chance to work independently.

### "The Love Master"

FIRST and foremost among the non-human artists, of course, is Strongheart—the magnificent police dog star. I have heard Rodolph Valentino described as "a beautiful animal," but even he can't compete with this four-footed Adonis.

In "The Love Master," Strongheart introduces his wife, Lady Julie, who furnishes the requisite heart interest. Lady Julie is a worthy mate for the Sirius of the Screen; she is an exquisite, graceful, pale gray vision. Together, the pair approximate perfection.

Aside from its two leading characters, "The Love Master" has practically nothing worthy of attention. That, however, is a futile observation. One might as well announce that, aside from several billion dollars, Henry Ford is broke.

Lawrence Trimble, who directed the picture, has a decidedly wobbly idea of dramatic construction. Nevertheless, his sympathetic treatment of Strongheart, and of Lady Julie, is a profound tribute to his understanding and his essential in-

telligence. Moron ingenues and leading men will obey commands of stupid directors, however absurd they may be; but a dog knows better.

### "The King of Wild Horses."

IT is good to be reminded every so often that there are a few horses left. Those of us who dwell within the city limits are apt to become immersed in the tin flood, and to think sadly of the horse as one with the fading buffalo. It is only when we see Western movies, or read about Kentucky Derbies, that we remember the existence of this departed friend.

"The King of Wild Horses" contains one steed that is as splendid, in his way, as the mighty Strongheart. I regret that I can't publish his name in these columns, having forgotten it; but I doubt whether it will make any difference. He probably doesn't read his press notices anyway. If he is a real movie star, he employs some hireling to call his attention to them.

### "A Boy of Flanders"

JACKIE COOGAN is one actor who can be counted on to uphold the vaunted supremacy of *homo sapiens* over his less cerebral colleagues in the vertebrate world, and even Jackie Coogan isn't too proud to share his laurels with a dog.

"A Boy of Flanders" is the best of all the meritorious Coogan pictures, with the single and inevitable exception of "The Kid." It has all the usual heart-squeezing sentiment, all the usual humor—but it has a new dramatic backbone, and its point of view is a fresh one.

Jackie, of course, is an orphan—with

no friend except his dog. Together they roam the fields of Flanders in search of a home, the while they are oppressed by brutality, snobbery and indifference. It is not until a great painter visits their town that they are given any degree of sympathy, the correct supposition being that only an artist can understand the spirit of a vagabond.

Both Jackie and the dog are amazingly fine, and their surroundings are thoroughly worthy.

IT is perhaps significant that Jackie Coogan is one of three stars who, in the past two years, have maintained a consistently high average, with no flops to mar the record. The other two are Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd.

### "The Goldfish"

ALTHOUGH a goldfish appears in the title rôle of Constance Talmadge's most recent production, it can hardly be classed as the star of the piece. It fulfills its mission satisfactorily by swimming around and around in a bowl, but its performance lacks variety.

"The Goldfish" itself has plenty of variety, and absolutely no continuity. It is interesting and amusing in spots, but it doesn't make sense. Miss Talmadge plays with great dexterity, and is ably assisted by Jack Mulhall and Jean Hersholt—and yet one can see the picture several times without gathering what they are doing—or why.

In case that last sentence is deceptive, I must admit that I saw "The Goldfish" only once.

Robert E. Sherwood.





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CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS





## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### "Stror—bairies!"

After several years of hotel life in the city, Harold's parents went to live in the suburbs. One day the little fellow said to his mother: "Mamma, there's a man out in the street paging strawberries."

—Boston Transcript.

### Loving Kindness

HE: Would she let you kiss her?

HIM: Oh, heavens, no! She isn't that kind!

HE: She was to me!

—Princeton Tiger.

"If he proposes, shall I consider him, Mother?"

"No—take him."

—American Legion Weekly.

JUDGING by accident reports, somebody has brought out a car with a built-in corkscrew.—Detroit News.



### REJECTED

URCHIN: OO, LUMME—LOOK! THERE'S WATER—AN' SOMEFINK SETTIN' ON A CLOUD—AN' A LIDY WHAT'S 'AD HER CLOTHES PINCHED—YER NEVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT!

—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the Proprietors.

### The Holdout

She had debated in true Fabian fashion for many months the question of whether or not to bob, and two or three times had turned back at the tonsorial Rubicon.

Here she was at last, though, properly shrouded in a barber's chair, a trifle pale, but grimly determined.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the barber, callously displaying his full kit of gleaming instruments.

The patient gazed at them in fascinated horror, hesitated, then quavered:

"I think you'd better give me gas."

—Houston Post.

### Improperly Impressed

AIKEN: In New York I saw a strong woman who held up a grand piano on her chest while a man played a tune on it.

PAYNE: Is that so? Was he a good player?—Youngstown Telegram.

STRONG is the movie influence in Los Angeles, where Hamburger's, according to H. L. B., advertises:

"COMES THE HERALDED SALE OF MEN'S SHIRTS IN ALL SIZES AT \$1.67."

—New York World.

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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MADISON AVENUE  
at 47th Street  
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**Luncheon**  
**Afternoon Tea**

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Death-defying Orators, Ground and Lofty Tumblers, Pulse-quickenng Aerialists, High and Low School Dark-horsemen, and the World's Greatest Aggregation of Clowns, Clowns, Clowns, Clowns, Clowns.



GREATER THAN THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

LIFE'S CONVENTION NUMBER

Out Next Week





ELIZABETH: "AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE IN THE WORLD!"

ANDREW: "WELL, THERE ARE THINGS THAT EVEN WIVES AND HUSBANDS DON'T DISCUSS."

[ Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath). ]

*Interesting news!*

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. \* \* While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. \* \* They are 25 cents a package.



## What Makes a Cigarette a Good Smoke?

THE smoke that you actually get depends upon two things—the cigarette itself and the package that holds it.

Given a likable blend of good tobaccos, and a well-made cigarette generally, the smoker can still lose a lot of the original smoking qualities of the cigarette if it is exposed to the air, mashed, bent, or broken.

So the Reedsdale Cigarette has been brought out with almost as much attention given to perfecting the container as to developing the contents.

### The last like the first

If you find you like your first Reedsdale Cigarette you can be sure of the same freshness, the same aroma, the same perfect form in every other cigarette in the package.

We cannot promise every reader of this magazine that he will like the Reedsdale Cigarette better than any other that he has smoked. Difference of taste keeps several large cigarette factories going—just as difference of opinion, according to Mark Twain, promotes horse racing.

But we do know that the Reedsdale Cigarette is composed of unusually fine tobacco, and that the Reedsdale blend was preferred to all others by a good-sized jury of cigarette smokers, before it was finally adopted. Also that the Reedsdale can be depended upon for day-in, day-out uniformity of blend and of quality.

### Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c. for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 116 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants:** If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Her Fatal Charm

A mother-in-law was in the habit of visiting her daughter just often enough to make her daughter's husband wish he had married an orphan.

One day she arrived and found her daughter in tears.

"What has happened? Has George deserted you? Has he run away?"

"Y-yes." (Sobbing.)

"Then there is a woman in the case; who is she?"

"Y-you!" (Sobbing.)

"Good heavens! And to think that I never encouraged him!"

—Pasquino (Turin).

### The New Game

Lois's and Dora's joyous shrieks from the yard attracted their mother's attention. Running out, she asked them what they were doing.

"We're playing fire," cried Lois, almost breathless from excitement.

"Fire?" apprehensively. "And how do you play that?"

"Oh, it's heaps of fun! Dora makes believe she's a door and I knock her down."—*American Legion Weekly*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Exotic

One of the fruit-stall men in the city market was striving hard to add a few cents to the total of his sales.

"We've got some fine alligator pears," he suggested.

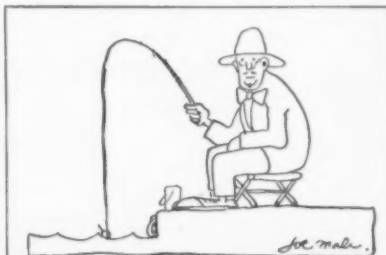
"Silly," laughed the very, very young housewife. "We don't even keep a goldfish."—*Houston Post*.

### Too Young for Statistics

"Fifty cigarettes a month are being manufactured for every man, woman and child in our country," according to a statement from Ann Arbor. Fortunately, our child does not know it yet.

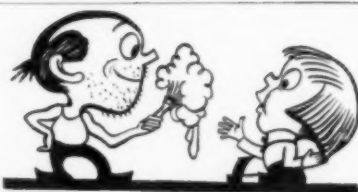
—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

ACCORDING to Mr. John Harris, M.P., some of the finest men he ever met were cannibals. We suppose it is a question of diet and regular meals.—*Punch*.



"AT THE PRICE OF FISH NOW, I WOULD MAKE TWENTY-FIVE OR THIRTY FRANCS A DAY—IF I EVER CAUGHT ANY."

—Sans-Gêne (Paris).



father said o look wallace the way this Williams lather soaks up water mother says queer things she told father she wished he'd take a hint from that at his class dinner tonight



## They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medline at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

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your dog

KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and  
CURE DOG DISEASES  
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous



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Not a "Form" or "Harness"

No Metal Springs

Free Circular—Plain Envelope

THE T. GARTER CO.

Dept. 28 South Bend, Indiana

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

### Those Friendly Visitors

THEY were gathered in the waiting-room of a hotel which they frequented—a small group of five. Three were women and two men. They were talking French—their native tongue—and their low voices rose and fell in musical cadences.

A young American girl and her young American man sat timidly and somewhat awkwardly on a couch opposite them.

"What a harmonious language it is," she said, smiling at her young man. "I am so sorry I never learned it."

"They keep looking over here," he murmured. "Do you think they can be talking about us?"

"Oh, no," she said serenely. "they are far too chivalrous for that."

"I suppose so," concurred the young man.

Meanwhile the group in the corner talked busily, their melodious voices rising and falling.

"So brazen, these Americans," said one of the women. "For example, that couple over there."

"Alone! In a hotel! Sitting on a couch together!" It was a whispered crescendo.

"And she so painted. Why, she is scarcely a moment without putting something on her face," contributed one of the men.

"Just look at *him*," one woman urged the others in the group. "He has no gloves on."

"No gloves!" It was a scandalized chorus. He might just as well have left off his collar or socks.

"And taking out a young lady. Think of it."

"A young lady?" One of the women raised hand-picked eyebrows.

"Who meets young men all alone..."

"In a public hotel..."

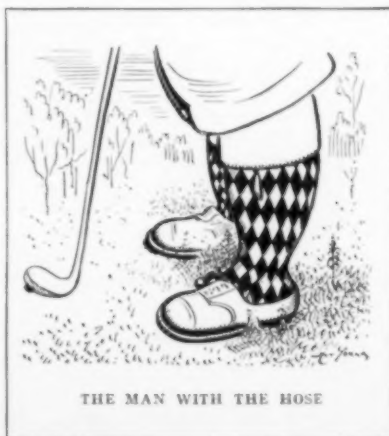
"And paints all over her face..."

"No, I hardly think she's a lady."

"They are such charming people," sighed the young girl as they rose to leave. "Shall we go to dinner?"

"I suppose so," said the young man.

A. McM.



THE MAN WITH THE HOSE



For  
the big thirst  
of little folks

Summer days and the children clamoring for a drink—then's the time when Clicquot Club is a blessing. Give them all they want of it. The clear spring water, the real Jamaica ginger, the fine fruit flavors—everything in Clicquot Club is as good as the world can make it.

No coaxing to get youngsters to drink Clicquot—they *all* like it. They like to whiff its pert, fresh fragrance, to see it bubble in the glass, to feel its kindly yet tingly taste.

Let them try Clicquot Club once. Then they'll never want to invest their pennies in a large assortment of unknown beverages—which will be a good thing for their small savings accounts, and their little tummies too. Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY  
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**Clicquot**  
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO  
**Club**



Clicquot Club  
SARSAPARILLA

What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.

**Ginger Ale**





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## OSHKOSH

wardrobe trunks

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY • OSHKOSH • WISCONSIN

### The Bedtime Imbroglia

THERE is an opening for a great deal of thought upon the problem of bedtime stories for the little Africans, Hindus and Zanzibarians. Eskimites are already enjoying the evening programs, but how puzzled they must often be! For, even if they understand our language, they have not met the U. S. bedtime animals.

Now, is there any possibility of avoiding that bewilderment of the foreign young when they have to listen to accounts of the exploits of Danny Meadowmouse and Johnnie Woodchuck? Since the radio has extended its radius from Greenland's icy mountains to French Indo-China, we must remember that the animals which children of one region find soothing will be total strangers to infants of some zone

more, or less, temperate. Then should not a committee of child specialists and zoologists be appointed to invent a set of international animals for these tales of two worlds?

Our own children, of course, could not be expected to enjoy the innocent adventures of Gertie Gorilla, little Lily Tiger, or Toby the Tapir. There is no narcotic for them in the name of Larry Polar Bear, or of Tessie Anaconda. In fact, Mother would object.

Just as it seems certain, however, that something must be done, another consideration relieves our minds. Bedtimes, like animals, vary with geography. The startling twilight diversions of the jungle will reach New York nurseries at an innocuous hour, while ours will not disturb the noon siestas of small Afghans and Angoras.

### The Letters of a Modern Father MY DEAR SON:

I have your letter about giving up your place in the law office and going into what you refer to as the bond game. I notice you say you have a friend who is cleaning up and offers to let you in for twenty thousand dollars. The only deduction I can make from your statement is that you expect me to furnish the twenty thousand, inasmuch as I understand your arrangement with the law firm calls for two hundred, only, a month.

Frankly, I think you are eminently fitted for cleaning up in a broker's office. I have on hand certain bonds which you may have to sell. There is nothing wrong with them except that some of the issuing companies have gone out of business and others have defaulted their interest for ten years or so. Their face value is about thirty thousand dollars. If you will dispose of them for twenty thousand you may keep the money for your new venture.

I suggest, however, that until you have the cash in hand you should not sever your present connection.

Affectionately,

FATHER.

"Did you enjoy your ride?"

"No, I was billboard to death."

### "across the Atlantic"



Crowds and Congestion, or—  
Spacious Freedom and Comfort

THE generous amount of space arranged for each passenger in staterooms, lounges, smoking rooms and on deck, is just one more feature of recognized luxury on the *de luxe* steamers **RESOLUTE**, **RELiance**, **ALBERT BALLIN** and **DEUTSCHLAND**. Spacious freedom adds distinction also to the splendid *one-class cabin* steamers **CLEVELAND**, **HANSA**, **THURINGIA**, **WESTPHALIA** and **MOUNT CLAY**.

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## Rhymed Reviews

### So Big

By Edna Ferber

Doubleday, Page & Co.

SELINA ran a model farm  
Upon the prairie's broad expanses;  
She faced the world without alarm,  
She lived her life and took her  
chances.

The law her ardent soul declared  
To aimless drudge and money-scam-  
bler  
Was, "Play your game and don't be  
scared!"—

Selina's pa was Peake the gambler.

Selina's son, attractive Dirk,  
A lad of parts, beyond conjecture,  
Was much too good for rural work;  
He learned and practiced Architec-  
ture.

But Paula Storm, the fair and fond,  
A lily needing lots of gilding,  
Observed, "The man who sells the bond  
Can buy the man who plans the  
building."

So Dirk went in for things that paid:  
No yearning, striving attic-dweller,  
The youth, by Mrs. Paula's aid,  
Became a first-class paper-seller.

He throve, he climbed; without regret  
He puffed his *Colorado clara*,  
And liked himself,—until he met  
And loved the artist, Miss O'Mara.

She proved him weak instead of strong:  
For life demands its purple splashes,  
And they who dare not, don't belong—  
So all "Success" was dust and ashes.

We'd be all right, we plodding men,  
But for these restless peace-disturbers  
Who jar our systems now and then—  
These artist-girls and Edna Ferbers.

A. G.

### Ain't He Got Fun?

NEW modes of travel, new inventions,  
make the job of editing a travel maga-  
zine comparatively simple. When every  
corner of the earth has been properly  
tramped over, trekked over, hiked over,  
cycled over and motored over, there  
will remain a vast supply of raw mate-  
rial from which fresh thrills may be  
extracted. Think of the pleasurable  
reactions awaiting the future travel  
magazine addict when his attention is  
invited by such titles as "Zeppelining  
Through the Himalayas," "Across Mon-  
golia by Whippet Tank," "Gassing  
Rhinos in the Congo," "Through Africa  
with Beta Ray and Radio," "Drifting  
Down the Trade Winds to Rio," "Vol-  
planing Above Picturesque Patagonia."  
Truly, in the bright lexicon of the travel  
magazine editor, there should be no such  
word as Fail.

OUT at the twelve-mile limit, that's  
where the wets begin.

THE  
CANADIAN  
PACIFIC  
HOTEL  
ATOP  
OLD QUEBEC



BIENVENUE À QUEBEC

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Since last summer, another million has been spent on Greater Chateau Frontenac. Now, it stands complete...Outside, stone battlements; turrets in picturesque formation. Plus a towering keep that sweeps hundreds of miles...Inside a transformation. You enter a spacious rotunda. Oaken panelled walls. Club-like lounges. Up a grand stair-case, into the gay Madeleine de Verchères Room...The spirit is that of Old France. Louis XIV in the ballroom. Norman in the Jacques Cartier room...Yet, the service is that of modern America—most modern America...Greater Chateau Frontenac is a romance in itself. For reservations, Canadian Pacific, 342 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York, 71 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

## Greater CHATEAU FRONTENAC

NEXT  
WEEK

A side-splitting satire on hand-shaking politicians

The CONVENTION NUMBER of

LIFE

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with a full day at Niagara Falls



Meals & Berth  
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A wonderful opportunity to enjoy an entire week of new scenes—new experiences and thrills.

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A vacation de Luxe Cruise of over 2000 miles on Lakes Michigan, Huron, St. Claire, Erie and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands). These big cruising ships, in comforts and luxury, are equal to the finest Atlantic Steamers. Broad, roomy promenade decks; commodious lounge rooms; large, comfortable state-rooms and parlor rooms (no inside rooms). Excellent meals—daintily served. There are deck games, entertainments, music and dancing. You can be quiet and secluded, or enter into the gaiety as you prefer. Social hostess will get you acquainted. Screened in playground, with attendant in charge, for children.

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An Entire Day at NIAGARA



## The Louvain Library Fund

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Another high school, that of Glassboro, N. J., has helped us. Fine work those schools are doing!

We acknowledge with thanks further contributions as follows, hoping that two weeks hence we may have still more to report:

Previously acknowledged \$369.00

J. H. Cooper.....	1.00
A Friend.....	1.00
Glassboro, N. J., High School .....	13.33

\$384.33

Checks, if made payable to us and marked for "Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded, and acknowledgments will appear in LIFE.

## Counted Out

Biggs: I understand that Scriblet, the well-known prize-fight critic, has lost his job.

Boggs: Yes, his boss thought he'd been knocking a bout a little too much.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 16)

he had scissors in his hand instead of tongs, and was at some pains to restrain him from shingling me forthwith. Nor can I find it in my heart to blame them much for such zeal, neither, forasmuch as their business, since the vogue of the bob, has flourished as never before.... A letter this day from my cousin George telling me that he is betrothed to a Rachel Whidden did give me a start at first, the name Rachel always connoting an old woman to me, but reading on I did find to my

relief that this one is but twenty-two. ...At Mah Jong all the evening with the Jameses, who at first were for playing without the flowers and seasons, but I protested roundly until they did give in to me.

June  
7th

A great languor upon me at the outset of this day, which I did attribute to fitful slumber provoked by the rattling of a newspaper which I, like a fool, did leave by an open window, nor had I the stamina to arise during the night and remove it. So I did keep all the morning to my chaise-longue, speculating on many things, one of them why the wearing of wigs had ever been a fashion. As to the wearing of them from necessity, it is a strange thing to me that man, with all his wondrous achievements in the realms of science and invention, has never been able to create a toupee that would fool a five-year-old.... Sam home in mid-afternoon from a great luncheon of barristers, enraged at the oratory he had been forced to attend, and bawling. The heathen in his blindness may bow down to wood and stone, but he makes no after-dinner speeches. And we did agree that were Solomon alive to-day, his fifth wonder would be the amateur Nestor's idea of "just one word."

Baird Leonard.



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That threatened lameness just never comes. It is nipped before it sets in. Strained muscles are at once soothed and limberness magically restored.

That, and a hundred other uses for Absorbine, Jr. have earned for this antiseptic liniment a never-empty place in thousands of medicine cabinets.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.  
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Cuts Tired feet  
Strains Sore muscles  
Bruises After shaving



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24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

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"YOU DON'T? MY DEAR SIR, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT THE MAN WE WANT TO WRITE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS."

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the three highest auto highways in  
the world—Pikes Peak, Fall River Road  
and Berthoud Pass—and the highest  
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"I SEE THAT FRENCH JUDGES HAVE PUT FURTHER RE-  
STRICTIONS ON AMERICAN DIVORCES."

Fair Exile: YES, IT MAKES IT QUITE EXPENSIVE. I  
CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO FORGO MY DIVORCE AND BUY  
THE FRENCH GOWNS OR FORGO THE GOWNS AND GET THE  
DIVORCE!



## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 25)

in the great hall. The terrible *John Trude* himself, whose mountainous proportions increase on every page, is a figure from an old saga come down to dwell amongst men. Even the children, *Jacl* and *Jude*, are like characters in a story-book until *Richmond Drewe's* marriage with *Jacl* brings a little of the outside world into that strange English house. A little, but not much. The war itself, to which *Richmond* is called, is nothing but a distant rumble in such uncanny isolation. *Jacl's* bewilderment over *Richmond's* infidelity accounts for the adjective in the title, and echoes Edna St. Vincent Millay's lines:

"Pity me that the heart is slow to learn  
What the swift mind beholds at every  
turn."

It is more or less expected that people who go to Russia will write about their experiences, alas, but until recently the same thing wouldn't have been thought of in connection with the Plaza grill or the Della Robbia room. The younger dancing set, however, is bursting into print, and it is natural that they should draw on those backgrounds against which the high moments of their brief lives have been lived. The latest junior entry for the Pulitzer Prize is James Gould Cozzens, a twenty-one-year-old Sophomore at Harvard. When he named his story "Confusion" (Brimmer) the gods were whispering in his ear. Apparently, everything he has read or thought on ex-



## The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscribers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

To-day, in maintaining a national telephone service, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its engineering and research departments, continuously makes available for its Associated Companies improvements in apparatus and in methods of operation.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
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\*Operations subject to necessity for service. Schedule subject to change without notice. Berths \$1.50 up, staterooms, \$4.20 up; parlor \$7.20 up. Rail tickets are accepted. Automobiles transported. Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard. For reservations and further information, address agent at port of departure.

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tremely miscellaneous subjects is packed into its pages, and a slender French girl who comes over here to a school like Farmington stumbles through them with the burden on her young back. The last sentence in the book is, "Very late that night Cerise died." It was absolutely the only thing she could do. I shouldn't wonder, however, if Mr. Cozzens himself comes out of it all right. He sounds promising.

J. A. MITCHELL's "The Pines of Lory," long out of print, is now of-

fered in a new edition (Bobbs-Merrill). Time has not impaired the charm of this delightful love story by the author of "Amos Judd." As E. S. Martin says in the introduction, "very pleasant medicine it all is for these distracting times."

Diana Warwick.

"WHY was Mrs. North suspended from the Better Babies Club?"

"She stayed home from the club just to take care of her baby."

# ! fear

*Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?*

**F**EAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the *teeth*.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

*Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.*

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice. What are your teeth saying about you today?

—LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, U. S. A.

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE Large Tube—25 cents

### Words, Words, Words

HE uses words like scourge, delete, Agog, embreathement, drat, Poise, gloam, pod, emu, loath, effete, Reeve, nitro, digit, tat.

He speaks of tyro, slake and glut, Of scraggy, primate, scan— He's not a linguist; he is but A cross-word puzzle fan.

A. H. F.

HOWARD: In classic days all a woman's charms were revealed.

JAY: That was the pre-veiling style.

If Tilden takes up professional tennis Tex Rickard will doubtless advertise him as the Wild Bill of the Papers.

## "Old Town Canoes"



"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

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## Lessons in New Yorkese

*"Bong Voyarge"*

"WELL gabye Hairy. Bong voyarge."

"Well gabye Gus."

"Chatryta gefunny an semme enny annem French postcards now."

"Say thassa goo diedear! Thass juss swattal do."

"Noyadont now Hairy. Thattaint funny. Sawrite fayou ovata Pairiss witalla wilewimmin anlikka. Buttat kinastuff daggo inna goo dole U. S. A. Sdifint."

"Yeah Isay at kinastuff daggo inna States. But jussasame mime gonna senya alotta rehhot French postcards."

"Nawyadont now neetha Hairy."

"Aw whynot?"

"Bacaws Ida likem thasswy. Theyyaint respectibil thasswy."

"Aw theyyaint no homminnem. Juss kina funny."

"Naw theyyaint funny and Ida wancha ta sennem tamme. Yagemme doncha Hairy? Ida wannem cummin inna male immyname. Idawanna seem."

"SayGus Idint knowya felt likeat aboutit. Theyaint reely nohomminnem."

"Star zime casoined theyis. Iwancha now taprawmiss smce onya solim moat yawont semme enny."

"Awrite ten omme yoat—me solim moat."

"Nunnanem French postcards."

"Nunnanem postcards."

"Sawrite fayou ovata Pairiss annalla Frawgs buhtwee Yamairicins is diffint. Them postcards aint respectibil thassall."

"Well maybe theyyaint."

"Well Idawanna seem."

"Well awrite Gus."

"Well Iguesa gotta beatit now Hairy. Salong kid. Datakeny woodin munny."

"Salong Gus."

"Saylissen Hairy."

"Whattisit Gus?"

"Fya semme ennya nem French postcards, besure an puttem inna sealed envalup willya?"

H. W. H.

## Books Received

*Grenoble and Thereabouts*, by Henri Ferrand (The Medici Society, Ltd.).

*Looking at Life*, by Floyd Dell (Knopf).

*Waste*, by Robert Herrick (Harcourt, Brace).

*The Sutan of the Mountains*, by Rosita Forbes (Holt).

*The East Window and the Car Window*, by Bert Leston Taylor (Knopf).

*The Einstein Theory of Relativity*, by Garrett P. Serviss (Edwin Miles Fadman, Inc.).

*Behold This Dreamer!* by Fulton Oursler (Macaulay).

*The Long Arm of Fantomas*, by Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain (Macaulay).

*Never Fire First*, by James French Dorrance (Macaulay).

*Phryne*, by Frederick Arnold Kummer (Dorrance).

*John Davidson's Poems* (Boni & Liveright).

*Other People's Lives*, by Henry Albert Phillips (Boni & Liveright).

*Culture and Democracy in the United States*, by Horace M. Kallen (Boni & Liveright).

*There Is Confusion*, by Jessie Redmon Fauset (Boni & Liveright).

*Mirage*, by Edgar Lee Masters (Boni & Liveright).

*Japan*, by H. H. Powers (Macmillan).

*The Physician and the People*, by Leonard L. Landis (American Assn. of Independent Physicians).

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with its glittering bubbles—its fresh effervescence and its friendly cheer.

*"The Queen of Table Waters"*

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



"AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE BECOMING ECONOMICAL, HENRY? IT SEEMS TO ME YOU USED TO NEED A DOZEN RACQUETS FOR ONE SEASON." "WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY, DAD. I HAVE A DAYTON STEEL RACQUET NOW—AND THAT MEANS JUST ONE RACQUET FOR A DOZEN SEASONS." *Ad.*

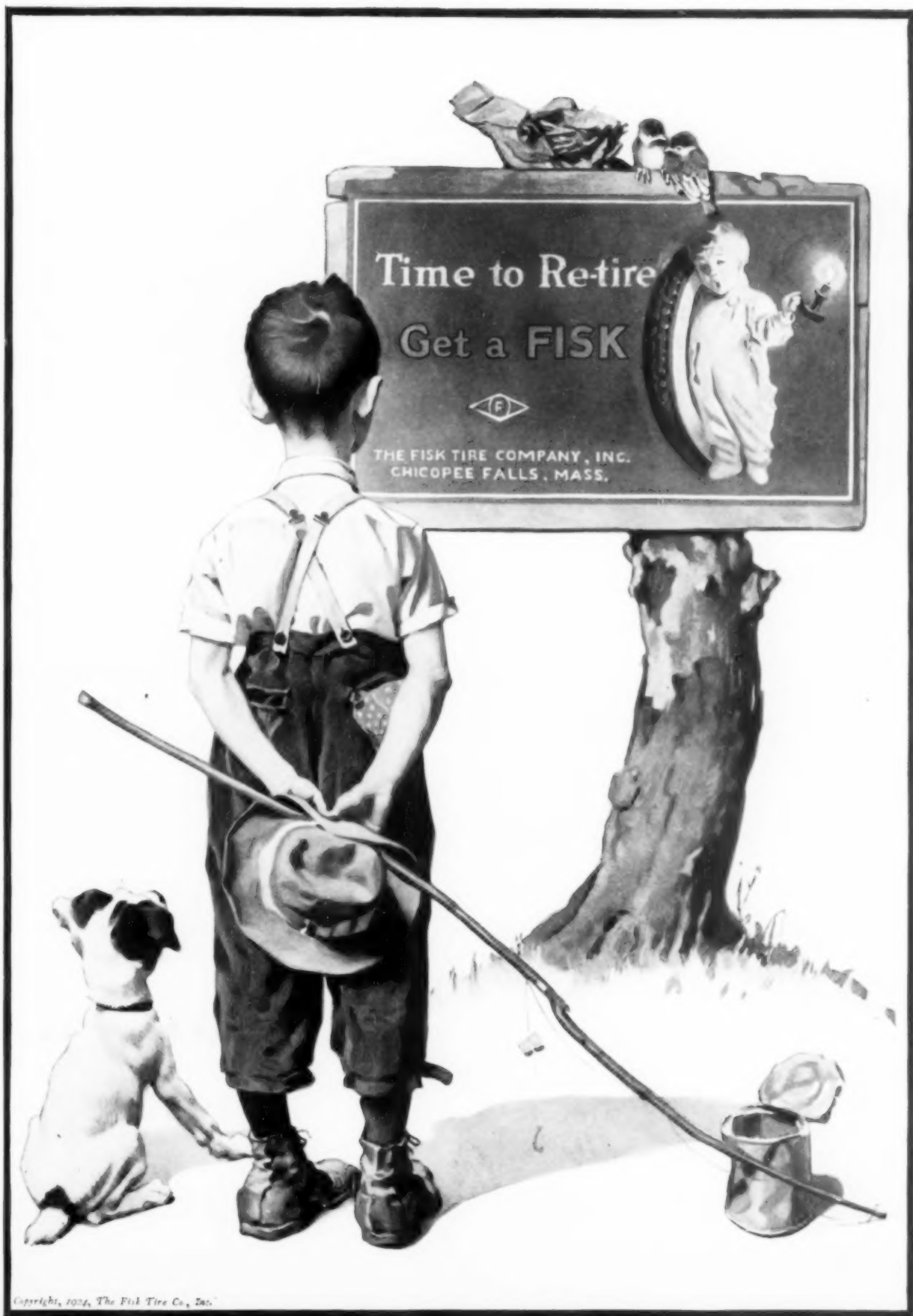
## HANDS UP!

GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.



Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector. Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 3/4 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price. PAY POSTMAN on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

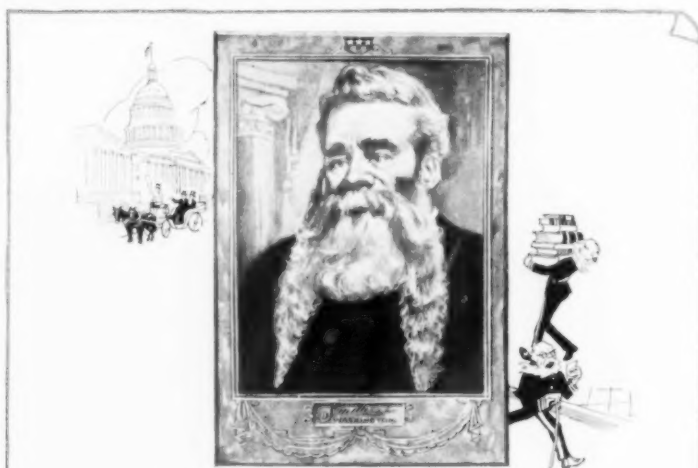
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Shave every day - be comfortable

# COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base



It may be conceded that many a brave heart has beaten behind a bicaudate beard, but who will say that a moss-covered Adam's apple is either a thing of beauty or necessarily a joy forever?

When men of high attainments had to part their whiskers in order to be able to see out from behind them it was customary to make covenants under cover.

Now, such bewildering entanglements are about as welcome as rain at a June picnic, while open spaces openly arrived at lend character to countenances that formerly were kept concealed from public view.

It is but fair to say, in this connection, that Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has done much toward causing the men of this country to forget their dread of the razor.

Colgate's softens the beard at the base, and makes shaving easy, no matter how heavy the hairy growth may be. Best of all, this wonderful cream leaves the face cool, soothed, and velvety after shaving.

Let us send you a trial tube containing enough cream for 12 easier shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4 cents.

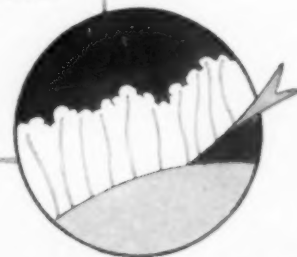


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Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better, easier shaving. I enclose 4c.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified, and the hair is softened at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture